



AN EPICY ON THE
MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF THE
VERY REV'D DR SPRATT
BY JOB SADLER

Alas alas far Dublin to day the news is sad
No wonder now this evening if numbers here were mind
The widow & the orphan has cause to mourn long
A Father friend & guardian Dr Spratt from them is gone

The burning love of Almighty it reign'd in his heart
And that great store of charity he did copiously did impart
He beg'd for the afflicted the desolate & bereft
No stone untur'd well its known Dr Spratt for them he left

I would make now no wonder he was so kind & brave
If a host o' Angels by him stood when his soul was going to leave
And say to him those happy words Dr Spratt now came away
The King of Heaven is waiting to welcome you to day

Gods enemies by Dr Spratt in truth were often sear'd
Forty years & upwards a Priest in the vine yard
His flock he often strove to save from devouring heresy
And that important command he kept on love your enemies

The harbourless he shelter'd and nourish'd them with truth
His study was to care them with fond solisitude
He practis'd as he preach'd to all Gods poor being his delight
No wonder he's lamented by high and low to night

The breastplate of Justice long he wore matchless gifts he had
With Heaven holy ar^m Our a lover he was elad
He was a child of humility and a light for Erias shore
Aut many a weary traveller his less now may deplore

Such a funeral procession upon the Irish shore
Was never seen by human eyes these many years before
Rich were the respect and honour to Doctor Spratt were sh^{own}
May he advocate for Eria before the Eternal Thron

Long will be remember'd the 27 of May
When from his sacred office Dr Spratt was call'd away
His death had cause'd a many a tear from hearts of piety
His delight it was always to banish sin and misery

No wonder if his tomb contain'd now letters of bright gold
Alas he's sacred body to day Glasnevin holds
To thread this hard and thorny path he did not think it odd
For righteousness had being the love of this great man of God

Now the nine quire of Angels upon their sacred wings
I hope his soul was wafted Gods praises for to sing
Where pain or grief has no effect but joy and harmony
The Queen of Heaven Earth and Sea may be his company